## The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE "The Fighting Fuel".
"Hidden Waters"
"The Texican," Etc. Illustrations by Don J. Lavin

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## 6YNOPSIS

Bud Hosker and Phil Delancey a forced owing to a revolution in Mexico active up their mining claim and rote to the United States. In the border to the United States. In the border to to Gastaten lists meets Heavy Kruger, wealthy miner who makes him a proportion to return to Mexico to acquire the to a very rich mine which Kruger is blown up when he found he had be chested and of the title by one Arago. The Mexican subsequently had appending some of money in an unsuccess? oute the velu and then to revert for taxes. It er and im Latiney arrive at Fortun where the Eagle Tall mine is h They schools Cruz Mendez to acqui-tible for them and begin preliming Aragra storm and begin preliminal Aragra storing them of pump claim Houser discovers that maentanglements prevent Mendez ( filling a valid title Phil who a 100 ying attention to tracks Are

## CHARTER YVI-Continued

"I winder where that describ the deep shad as mind agek I'm group to go well and not as an areare, of the costs five

warch the hills for cattle. he tops of the ridges as he they haved every rock.

die nim beckening the distant point the kners to come in, and soon from around a point in the canyon the Yaqui appeared, bearing a heavy Mauser rifle on his arm.

Acrons his broad breast hung the eame familiar cartridge-beit, two more encircled his hips, and he walked with his head held high, like the warmor that he was.

Evidently his flight had led to the place where his arms had been hid for he wore the regulation knife-bayonet at his hip and around his hat was the wed ribbon of his people, but Bud was always maintained a certain mystery, and now, though his eyes were hig that Phil was gone. with portent and be smiled at the leats. hand to the south and east and mur- er of the burro bowed fawningly be-

mnured: Muchos revoltosos!"

but have you killed any?"

"Not yet!" returned the Indian, and

"I wonder what that Indian is walt-Mng around here for?" remarked Phil in dez. "I brought him a letter." English. "He must have his eye on

somebody." "Yeah, I bet," agreed Bud, regardting his savage friend with a specula- Aragon "Most of them Yaqui tive interest. \_ saidlers was farmhands in this coun- not to be surprised. try before they rounded them up. I rockon he's looking for the man that self, and went back into the mine. It

find him deported. Tired, Amigo?" he inquired in Sipanish, and Ignacio gravely acknowlredged that he was, a little.

Then drink plenty coffee," went on Hooker. Eat lots tomorrow we go to work in the mine."

"Tomorrow?" repeated the Indian ms if considering his other engagements; "good!" He nodded a smiling assent.

After a month and more of idleness Bud and Amigo performed prodigion of labor in the cut, rolling down boulders, lifting them up on the tram. and clearing away the face of the cliff. Their train was ramshackle, their track the abandoned rails from older workings, and their tools little more than their hands, but by noon the last broken fragments were heaved aside and the shattered ledge revealed

A low cry of wonder escaped the Yaqui as he gazed at the rich vein of ore, and as he saw the grim smile on blud's rugged countenance he showed

his white teeth in sympathy. "Que bueno!" he murmured. "How good!" gathering the precious frag-

ments in his handkerchief. At the camp they crushed the picked ore in a mortar and panned it In the creek, and for the moment De Lancey dropped his air of preoccupancy as he stared at the streak of

pure gold. Like a yellow film it lay plong the edge of the last fine tailings, and when skilful washing had left it and his code bade him keep his hands bare, it gleamed like a jewel in the off. But the next morning, when the

real stuff and it goes a dollar to the pan casy!"

"Sure thing!" assented Bud. "Let's pound a lot of it and wash it as we go then we'll have some getaway money when things break loose here!"

"I'll go you!" answered Phil, and Hud's heart warmed toward him as he watched him pound up a piece of ore and go to swirling the dirt in the

Control of the Contro ished! Even as he washed out the gold Phil's mind whndered far away,

back to the hotel where Gracia Ara-

gon sat watching by the window. Her hair was the color of gold, spun fine and refined again; yes, it was worth more than this golden dross that he caught in the bottom of his pan. And what was gold if he could not have her?

He paused in his labor and a dreamy smile parted his lips-then he broke NUMBER OF STREET

Once more he returned to his work, emmeter now the dylect etrains of

to Merry Widow; and when Hud

the sent about other things, and other bits Spanish. the white not no obsentul, filled his

Had returned sadly to the company I'm Inqui and gave it up. Perhaps a pardner had been right when, ridof Agua Negra, he had enstreet upon the dangers of Old Mexa will all the same of what do you wan, the land of manana and broken day to this town, where I am at presney" when you here you there's nother promines " Certainly ble speech had The to A is some Well, I'll up it my liven prophetic in regard to dark-eyed this setting around is get women; for, even as he had said, nothing seemed to please them better His largesting eyes, trained from his than to come between man and man.

It was a madness, he felt sure—the spell of the hot country, where the ske and while he sat and pondered women look out from behind barred windows and men sing beneath their The at fast he rose up slowly and balconies at midnight. Already it had at a certain spot. He waved cost him his pardner-would it conquer his will as well and make him forget his trust?

in his impotence the idea of some perverse fate-some malign influence hat and cursed. Not anyone in parover which he had no control-was strong with Hooker; yet when the blow fell he was not prepared for it. It was the third day of their mining and, with Amigo, he had been driving into the face of the cliff.

Already their round of holes was drilled, the fuses cut, the charges set, he noticed absently that Cruz Mendez was in camp. The shots followed, one too polite to ask him about his jour after another, and he counted them to savelope, from which Rud extracted a mey. Since his coming the Yaqui had make sure there was no miss-firethen he looked around and discovered

"Where is Don Felipe?" he inquired sabout his gun, he simply waved his of Mendez, and that low-browed brothfore he replied.

"He has gone to Fortuna," he said Beguro;" answered Bud jokingly; wiping his face with a bath towel

which he were about his neck. "And what for?" demanded Bud im peratively.

"I don't know, senor," writhed Men-"From whom?"

"I don't know. It was given to me by Juana, the servant of the Senorita "Ah!" breathed Bud, and pretended

"Well, let 'im go!" he said to him-



Thrust His Rifle Into Its Sling and

was what he had expected, in a way evil was either avoided or done, he "By Jove, Bud!" he cried, "that's the thrust his rifle into its sling and started for the town. At the jail he halted and gazed in through the windowsthen he rode up to the hotel and asked

for Phil. "What? Have you not heard?" clamored Don Juan. "Ah, it is most unfortunate- I would not have had it raise his hand and when to hold it happen for the world!"

What?" inquired Bud succinctly. "Why, the quarrel-the encounter with Capitan del Rey! I did my best,

and the captain is in full charge. They he determined to do-not only hold it, me, where is Phil? quarreled over the favor of a lady, and but work it for a stake. Then, when now your friend is in jail."

observed Hooker. "Ah, no-not in the carcel-in the

rurales!"

"Much obliged!" nodded Bud, and missed her from his mind. rode on through the town. The street of the Mexican quarter was filled with strange people hurrying to and fro; long packtrains loaded with swinging up from below; and a pair of swinging up from below; and a pair of the ore, the oth rurales, looking fierce under their it and watched

huge sombreros stood guard by the gold. Their ris them and pistoli cuartel door.

"Where is the captain" demanded every time a M Hooked. After requesting him to hang camp, as one did hie pistol belt on his saddle born, a

sergeant showed him in to the chief. Manuel del Roy was very busy with papers and orders, but as the American appeared in the doorway he rose

and greeted him with a bow.
"Ah, good morning, senor," he said, with one swift glance to read his mood. "You are in search of your friend-

"St. senor," answered Hooker, but with none of the animosity which the are up the garden gate home you captain had expected. Where is he?" I regret very much," began the of-

ficer, speaking with military formality, but it is my duty to inform you that the Senor De Lancey has left Fortuna. and have from the cut it was to hear. Last night he did me the honor to enlist in my company of rurales he is now on his way to the north to assist is guarding the railroad."

What?" shouted Bud, hardly able and song until finally to believe his ears. But when the capthe labor ranged and thus the song, talk repeated it he no longer doubted

"But why?" he cried; "why did he join the rurales?"

"Ah, senor," shrugged Del Rey, "was he not a Mexican citizen? Very well, then; he could be summoned for military service. But the circumstances were these. Your friend came yesterent military commander, and made an unprovoked assault upon my person. For this, according to law, he should have been shot at sunrise. But, not wishing to occasion unpleasantness with the Americans now residing here, I offered him the alternative of military service. He is now epitated as a rural for a term of five years."

"Five years!" exclaimed Hooker; and then, instead of starting the expected rough-house upon which the rural guards were prepared to jump on his back-he simply threw down his ticular, but everything in general; and at the end of it he turned once more upon the watchfud captain. "Dispenseme, senor," he said, "this

is the truth, is at " Si, senor, returned Captain del

Rey. "Hut before leaving with his detachment your friend wrote this letter. and as he retreated before the blast which he requested me to deliver to you.

He offered with a flourish a sealed short note:

Dear Eud

must have been mad, but it is too late ow. Raiber than be executed I have slisted as a cural. But I shall try to be wave for her sake. Take care of PHIL Bud read it through again and medi-

tated ponderously. Then he folded it up and thrust it in his pocket. Muchas gracias, senor capitan," he

cald, saluting and turning upon his heel; and while all the Mexicans marveled at the inscrutable ways of Americanos, he mounted and rode away.

## CHAPTER XVII.

There was a world of Mexicans in the plaza when Hooker rode dawn through the town. Never it seemed to him, had he even so many or liked

To the handful of Americans who remained to man the mill and mine, they were easily a hundred to one and though their eyes were wide with fear of the imminent rebels, they had an evil way of staring at him which as did not relieb-

Even at the hotel, where the Spansh Mexican aristocracy was massed ten deep, he sensed the same feeling of veiled hostility and wondered vaguely what it might portend. If Philip De Lancey, for making love to a girl, was drafted into the army, what would sappen to him if these people should ever break loose? And did they have the courage to do their worst?

He lingered around the door for a while, hoping to meet Don Juan or some American who would tell him the naws; then, disgusted with everything, he flung away and left them to themselves. Fortuna was not a white man's country-he could see that without a diagram-but at the same time he intended to hold his mine until he could hear from Phil.

Let the tides of insurrection come and go, let the red-flaggers take the town and the federals take it back again at the end he would still be found at the Eagle Tail, unless Phil

received his title to the mine. As for Aragon, whose fine Italian hand he perceived behind the sudden taking off of Phil, let him make what trades he would with the rurales and Manuel del Rey, even to the giving of his daughter's hand; but if, taking advantage of the unsettled times, he dared to try to steal their mine, then

there would be war to the knife. It is a fine, comforting thing to be single-minded and of one purpose. All the rest of life is simplified and ordered then, and a man knows when to

back. In his letter Phil had said nothing about their mine, but he was a Mexi- his sleeve. can citizen still, and the mine was in

town nas been put under martial law | free to hold it in his stead; and that | the room-but for the love of God, tell the tide was passed and all made cer-"I didn't see him when I come by," taus they could turn it over to Kruger and quit the scoursed country.

As for the girl, Bud decided that cuartel, the guardhouse of the als could take care of herself without any assistance from him, and dis-

Back at the mine he found Amigo guarding camp from the hilltop, and after telling him the gist of his troubles, the two of them went to work. trunks and curious bundles came Every day, while one of them dug out r crushed and washed he horned out the style. they kept beside their belts; and an dropped tato ing-" and then in the general unrest, h the silent menace of arms in rea and continued

on his way. For a week they d on together, ant—then, at grim, watchful. the break of day, t pard a distant rattle of arms, like cloth, and knew the on.

The great whistle at with its full, bass roam and Amigo snatched up his gun and went loping down the canyon, drawn if resistibly down the canyon, drawn irresistibly by the sound of conflict. Bud in soved, climbing higher and higher to get view of the country. But his youn blood clamored for action too, and soon he was mounted and gone.

The fighting was not at the American town, but down the valley by Old Fortuna, and as Hooker galloped on toward the sound of the firing he noticed that it was on the move. Already the cowardly rebels were retreating-the volunteers from Fortuna were hurrying to get closer to them, the rurales were riding to fiank them; and when Bud jumped his horse up the last hill and looked down into the oad, cultivated valley he saw the dust of their flight.

Down the fenced trail that led to the lower country the mounted insurrectos were spurring in a rout; across the he wly plowed field, of Aragon the men on foot were making a short cut for the hils; and all about them, like leaping grasshoppers, sprang up puffs of dust.

Now they plunged into the willow brish along the river, where it swung in against the ridge; and as their pursucrs broke into the open they halted and returned the fire. The bullets struck up the dust like ballstones in front of the opcoming tregulars, a man or two in the lead went down, and they faltered. Then, as frantically as the rebels, they turned and ran for

While defenders and invaders shot back and forth across the broad field. Bud put spurs to his horse and rode ser, and when he came out on another hilltop he was just in time to see the rurales come pelting in from the west and take the revoltosos on the flank. There was a great deal of longdistance fring then, while the rebels slowly retreated, and finally, with a last defiant volley, the defenders turned back from their pursuit and marched triumphantly to Old Fortuna.

There, amid numerous vivas, Don Cipriane rolled out a cask of mescal and, after a fiery speech, invited the victors to help themselves. So they fell to drinking and carousing, and the one defender who had been wounded was bandaged and made much of. while a great crowd from the upper

At last Manuel del Rey and his rurales returned from harassing the enemy and with several wounded prisoners in their midst, the valor-drunk Mexicans formed a riotous procession and went marching back to town. Every horse and mule was carrying double, guns were being dropped, broad hats knocked off, and ever, as

they marched, they shouted: "Viva Madero! Viva Mejico! Muerte

a los revoltosos! It was an ediffying spectacle to an American, and with the rest Bud tagged along to the plaza, where they had speeches and cheers galore and more mescal at the company's cantina. But in the midst of it, while he sat laughing on his horse by the hotel, Bud felt a gravel strike his broad hat from above and, looking furtively up, he beheld Gracia Aragon smiling down at him from the balcony.

She beckoned him with a swift movement and gazed out over the assomblage again, and after a few moments of deliberation Hooker tied his horse and wandered into the hotel.

A tingle of excitement went over him as he tramped up to the ladies' parlor, for he had never met Gracia face to face. But he disguised his qualms by assuming a masklike grimness of countenance and, when the glorlous Gracia glided out of her room to meet him, he only blinked and stood

A long experience as a poker player was all that saved him from betrayal, for there was something in her very presence which made his beart leap and bound. But he only gazed at her somberly, without even so much as raising his hat,

Back in Texas, in his social world, it was considered almost unmanly to thus salute the ladies. So he stood there, his big sombrero pulled down over his mop of light hair, gazing at her without a blink.

Perhaps it was not altogether as friendly a scrutiny of her charming features as Gracia expected, for he remembered what she had done to his pardner; but if she sensed such a rare thing as disapproval from a young man, she was too excited to show it. Her lips trembled, and she looked back furtively, meanwhile drawing him into an alcove by the slightest twitch of

"Don't talk too loud," she whispered. "My mother is listering from made of glass,--

"I don't know," answered Eud, trying to lower his big voice to a boadotr softness; "he joined the rurales and was ordered north-that's all I know." "Yes, yes, to be sure; but haven't

you heard from him?" She seemed to be all impatience to snatch his news and fly with it, but Bud was in no such hurry. And so far was he from being a carpet knight that he immediately raised his voice to its normal bass. It was all right for Phil and his kind to talk by signs and whispers, but that was not his

"Not since he went away," he said. "He left me a little note, then, say-

"Saying what?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Well, saying that he had enlisted to keep from being executed, andthat's about all!" "And not a word about me?"

"Yes," admitted Bud; "he said he'd tearing of a try to put up with it-on account of battle was you and -"What?" she entreated, taking him

beseechingly by the cost. "Well," stammered Hooker, shifting his feet and looking away, "he told me



"But I'm in Trouble Now!" She Cried.

to kinder take care of you-while he was gone.

"Ah!" she breathed, still standing close to him. and will you do it!" "I reckon so," said Bud, "if we have any trouble."

"But I'm in trouble now!" she cried. T'm watched-I can't get away-and I'm afraid!"

Afraid of what" he demanded. "Of him!" she answered, her voice breaking; "of Manuel dei Rey!" Well," replied Hooker bluntly, "I've got nothing to do with that- I can't

they's war and they try to take the town, you can count on ma." "Oh, thank you," she said, bowing satirically, "And do you expect a

interfere in your love affairs-but if

"Not with that bunch of hombres!" returned Bod, waving a disparaging for more than eight hours. The hird At this she broke down and laughed. Evidently she was not so fearful of

discovery after all. "You forget, sir," she said, "that I am a Mexican!

Then, as he failed to show any signs of contrition, she changed her mood again

'But wait!" she ran on, her eyes flashing. "Perhaps we are not so eager to defend our government when we have a new one every year. But if the men who are gathering in Chihuahua invade our country, you will find that as Sonorans those men will fight to the death

"You laugh because you do not understand. But why should we Sonorans fight side by side with the federals and rurales? Are they not the soldiers of Diaz, who have simply changed to another master? Manuel del Rey was last year hunting down Maderistas in the bills; now he is fighting for Madero! And tomor row? Who can say?"

She shrugged her shoulders scornfully, and Hooker perceived that she was in carnest in her dislike of the dashing captain, but prudence warned him to say nothing if he would escape

being drawn into the quarrel, "No!" she went on, after an expec-tant pause, "let the rurales pursue these bandits-they are hired for that purpose! But if Orozco and Salazar join this ladron, Bernardo Bravo, and seek to capture our towns, then, Senor Americano, you will see real war and men fighting to the death! Ah, you laugh again-you are a Texan and judge us Sonorans by the cowardly Chihuahuans-but it is the truth. And for one," she added naively, "would be almost glad to have war. Do you know why? To see if you would really

She smiled, looking frankly into his eyes, and Bud blushed to the roots of his hair, but once again he held his

defend me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Small Brother (whose sisters are working for their girl guides' ambulance badge)-"Come on, here's a bit of luck for you. I've made Rupert's

FATIMA, Turkish-blend cigarettes are the purest form in which tobacco can be smoked, and their flavor is

"Distinctively Individual"

Liggatt & Myers Tobacco Co.



"Przemysi."

"Praemysl" is one of the few really simple proper names that have secured notoricty in the Russian invasion of with the a cent on the "prhem" Just how easy this is one may appreciate by considering Przem walany, in the first syllable of which the T is sound-ed, thus "Przhe," with the Austra ha Hungarian variation of "miscellany following: In pronouncing "Przemyst" you should carefully hold a "p" betreen your teeth while pronouncing about (which is a soft, musbroom, dumdum variety of "shem") and just as you are about to eject it deftly insert the "p" in the outer book of the z. " thus "Pahem." Nothing can be simpler.

Escapes in Heat of Battle.

Reports indicate it sometimes takes a lot to kill the modern soldier, the New York World states. Sergeant Fougere of France received eight bul let wounds, a broken arm and other in juries, and although shot in the mil. thigh and ankle, escaped bring capired by Germans and limped ten miles to his regiment. Another French. soldier received six builets and three hayonet wounds and is recovering. The French war office estimates only two men are killed out of every one hundred hit. The peneration is so clean one soldier did not know he had been hit for three hours, and another bullet went through two soldiers and lodged in a cavalryman's saddle

Finally Captured Eagle.

After defying a score of train and as many guns of farmers, who have sought vainly to impose summary sentence for the loss of hundreds of chickens over a period of six months, Old Baldy, a monster eagle, was caught by a man with a lasse. He lay waiting in the shadow of his chicken house for the chicken this awooped down shortly after daybreak The lasso was thrown around the eagle's neck. The man wanted to capture the bird alive, but it fought so desperately that he was forced to shoot it. The eagle measures cick! test seven inches from tip to tip, and weighs 71 pounds.

> LIGHT BOOZE Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tusale with roffee and her experience is interesting. She says

During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty. I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the merning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a hot cup of coffee about that time. I could keep awake better

After three of four years of coffee drinking. I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent billions attacks, sometimes to severe as to keep me in bed for several days. "After being married. Husband

egged me to leave off coffee for be feared that it had already burt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit. "I began taking Postum, and for a fow days felt the languid, tired feel-

ing from the lack of the coffee drug. but I liked the taste of Postum, and that answered for the breakfast bercrage all right. "Finally I began to feel clearerheaded and had steadler nerves. Aft-

er a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman-have not had any billious attacks since I left off coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle

Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville, in page. Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum-must be boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum-is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious bever-

age instantly. 30c and 50c tina, The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. -eold by Grocers